# Lightsaber Flashbangs

Entry for: **[Shadows Unveiled] Operation SPYFALL**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2022 May 6th.

Dasha happily strode to a cliffside and ducked down, spotting some structures. She had followed the tell-tale signs of transportation from tracks for supply vehicles to broken branches for speeders for hours now to avoid detection and she wasn’t going to make herself known just yet. Fatigue wasn’t an issue even though she had a decently sized duffle bag slung on her back, packed full enough that the contents could not jingle about.

Even better, the Sephi had a beaming smile on her face as she studied the structure before herself, the location of some information her Master and also the Taldryan Consul wanted… wanted enough that he footed the bill for her supplies for her trip plus a bit more.

Now for her preparations… Dasha backed away from the cliffside to open her duffle bag. There was a variety of items though the largest were the rockets with what almost seemed like bowling balls. Taking care to stay out of view, she set up her first large rocket in the nearest mountain bush before tapping away at her datapad to calibrate it before moving on to set up the second, third, and fourth. All the sides of a rough square-ish shape around the structure below.

As she made her way around, she surveyed the guards, patrols, and the Lightbringers training. Whether or not they sensed her presence yet, she did not know. Though her cheery mood would probably make it difficult for them to detect any malice or threat.

By the time everything was ready for her escape, she took a break and waited until nightfall. It was time, Dasha took out her datapad and got as close as she dared and waited for the patrol to pass. Her aim was the rear door with 2 guards though more specifically the access pad beside them.

With one swift movement, she engaged her signal jammer and rolled a small popper explosive to the other side. The sound alerted the 2 guards though only 1 went to investigate. One distracted guard was enough for Dasha to quietly dispatch the remaining guard with a chokehold and silencing the other in the same fashion before they could turn around. They were positioned as if they fell asleep at their post before Dasha just pulled on one exposed access card to let herself in. As the door closed behind her, she turned off her signal jammer and continued inside, cautious of patrols and cameras.

Using the nearest access port, Dasha sliced into the system and got herself a map. Unfortunately, this building was so tactically simple that there seemed to be only a single room that may hold the information she was tasked with obtaining. With that, she compressed her duffle bag as much as she could and bound it with its own straps so she could sneak through the nearest ventilation shaft.

When the Sephi was by the room she was looking for, she peeked through the grate. The shift had probably just changed before her eyes and someone else sat at the console, seemingly bored.

*I don’t see why the Harbringer doesn’t guard this databank himself.*

*He must have other things to do other than guard this little thing. We should be honored that we have a chance to guard it.*

*You’re right. Still, we’re so close to the Nexus of Light, why don’t they just store it there?*

*Because that’s the first place any spies will look for it, stupid! Now make sure you don’t fall asleep again.*

With that, one of the guards left the room. Dasha’s ears twitched as she listened to the fading footsteps until they could no longer be heard.

A couple of triangles that look like D4 dice were dropped into the room with a clatter before quietly spewing out some sleeping gas. Curious what made the sound, the guard got up to see if a pen had just fallen only to suddenly pass out. Taking her opportunity, Dasha quietly pushed the grate into the room and let it gently clatter on a desk as she started searching the room. Of course, she made sure to wave around the gas to dissipate it enough to not affect her. There she found a databank and various documents. Of course she connected her datapad to it to make sure the information was there. A few more taps and she had already begun sending the data to the nearest relay and to the Taldryan ship above and overhead.

Now… for her sparkly escape. She set up her remaining devices on her way out as she dodged the very few patrols inside. On her way she passed by the housing area where she planted an extra Taldryan datapad in a pocket of a sleeping Children of Mortis’ uniform, one that she was sure did not belong to the spy on the other side of the room.

Dasha could taste freedom as she opened the door to the exterior when she heard a voice boom behind her, “STOP!”

The hair on the back of her neck stood up as she turned and saw the worst person she could come across, the Harbringer themself. The exterior door opened and the 2 slumped guards were stirring now. A quick finger over her datapad and everything behind the Harbringer exploded with enough concussive force to lift the formidable light sider off their feet with a display of glitter fluttering about.

Running as fast as she could for safety, she tapped her datapad a few more times. That was when she stopped feeling the ground under her as a patrol captain had lifted her off her feet and was holding her just above ground.

Next was some whistling sounds, breaking the light user’s focus enough for Dasha to regain traction and run off. The sky just above them exploded with the bowling balls disintegrating in a large area above them. These were not normal glitter, these were coated on-bulk for extra reflective properties. When the patrol whipped out their lightsabers, to defend themselves whatever was coming in the darkness, they were met with extra-reflective glitter sending the light of their lightsabers back into their eyes in a dancing flurry of miniature flashbangs.

Dasha, refusing to look backwards, disappeared into the night as the small evac team noted the location of the relatively large ball of dancing colors to send off to Taldryan HQ. Thankfully, the distance allowed their own eyes to not be affected. Instead it was actually pleasant to look at, pleasant enough that the co-pilot snapped a few photos for the report.

*Ok, I’m done, let’s go.*

*Yes, Commander Dasha, sending you the evac location. Just don’t track any of that into my ship… please.*

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